TWELFTH NIGHT

SHAKESPEARE

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TWELFTH-NIGHT OR WHAT YOU WILL

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BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

CASSELL & COMPANY LIMITED

LONDON PARIS & MELBOURNE

1894

INTRODUCTION.

TWELFTH NIGHT is not included in Francis Meres's list of comedies, assigned in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598, to Shakespeare.

In the second scene of the third act of *Twelfth Night* Maria says of Malvolio, that "he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." This has been regarded as an allusion to some one of many maps contained in the folio volume of the translation by William Philip of "J. Huighen van Linschoten his Discours of Voyages into the Easte and West Indies, in foure Bookes," published in 1598. The reference is really to a Map of the World—"*the* New Map"—published in 1600. This was the first Map of the World engraved in England on Mercator's projection. It was given in that year by Hakluyt in his "Voyages." The latest geographical discovery recorded on it was of

Northern Nova Zemlya, made by the Dutchman Barents in 1596. Earlier in the same second scene of the Third Act of *Twelfth Night* Fabian says to Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard." Shakespeare seems, therefore, to have been lately reading Hakluyt. The year of the New Map was also the year of the foundation of the India Company, which then began its trade by fitting out four ships, and obtained its first charter in December, 1600. Use was made, therefore, of all information that could be obtained from Linschoten or others in aid of a right mapping of the Indies, and the map excelled all that had preceded it in its delineation of the Eastern seas.

Of Mercator it may be said, by the way, that the name was the Latinised surname of Gerhard Kauffmann, who died in 1594. He invented his projection in 1556. Edward Wright, who died in 1615, first applied Kauffmann's idea to Navigation. Wright published in 1599 "Certain Errors in Navigation Detected and Corrected," and

was then occupied with Hakluyt, Molyneux, and others in the production, upon Mercator's plan, of "a true hydrographical description of so much of the world as hath been hitherto discovered." In this map, besides a full supply of lines of latitude and longitude, there are lines radiating in all directions from a dozen or more centres on different parts of the map. These lines, intersecting one another, form to profane eyes such a web as might be spun by a mad spider.

Shakespeare's allusion to this New Map fixes the date of *Twelfth Night* as not earlier than the year 1600.

The next piece of evidence as to the date of the play is in the autograph diary of John Manningham preserved in the British Museum (Harleian MSS. 5353). Of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple on the 2nd of February, 1602 (new style), Manningham says :—"At our feast wee had a play called *Twelve Night or What You Will,* much like the *Comedy of Errors,* or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni.* A good practise in it to make the steward

beleeve his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a lettre, as from his lady, in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad." Olivia being in mourning for her brother, Manningham mistook her for a widow.

This passage proves that the play was written before February, 1602. The reference to the New Map shows that it was not written before the year 1600. The time of writing may, therefore, be positively fixed within a limit of about eighteen months; and we may fairly assume it to have been late in the year 1600 or early in the year 1601.

There was no edition of *Twelfth Night* earlier than the first folio of 1623.

Question as to the possible source of the suggestion of the plot only concerns the tale of the shipwreck, of the love of Viola, and of cross purposes arising out of her resemblance to her brother Sebastian. Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, Malvolio, Maria, and their doings, are interwoven

with the tale by Shakespeare. They are all his, and are no part of any piece that might or might not be thought to have suggested the plot of *Twelfth Night.*

One starting-point for the invention of the tale of Viola and Sebastian was an Italian novel by Matteo Bandello, the thirty-sixth of the second part of his collection of two hundred and fourteen tales, showing how "Nicuola, enamoured of Lattantio, goes into his service dressed as a page, and after many incidents marries him; and what happens to a brother of hers." In the "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest (1572), largely founded on Bandello, the story is told again in French, with some abridgments. In a book by Barnaby Riche, first published in 1581 (reprinted in 1606), entitled "Riche his Farewell to the Military Profession," the novel was recast and told in English, with change in the names of the characters, as the tale of "Apolonius and Silla." It is the second story that Riche tells, and will be found in this volume appended to Shakespeare's play.

The subject of Bandello's novel was made also

the groundwork of two early comedies in Italy, one called *Gl' Ingannati* (the Mistaken), the other *Inganni* (Mistakes).

Of these, *Gl' Ingannati* was the earlier. It was acted at Siena in 1531. Some part of the other play (by M. Sechi) was perhaps borrowed with variation from its predecessor, but the differences are of a kind to make its resemblance to *Twelfth Night* less instead of greater. The oldest known copy of *Inganni* is of the year 1562, but the title of the play describes it as having been acted at Milan in 1547. *Inganni* was turned into French by Pierre de Larivey, who wrote nine comedies, all taken from the Italian. This was printed in 1611 as *Les Tromperies.*

There were frequent editions of both these Italian plays; of *Gl' Ingannati* in 1537, 1538, 1550, 1554, 1562, 1563, 1569, 1585; of *Inganni* in 1562, 1566, 1582, 1587, 1602, and other years.

A sketch of *Gl' Ingannati*, with a full translation of the scenes which are most suggestive of the action in *Twelfth Night*, was published in 1862 by Thomas Love Peacock. This is the plot:—The

scene is in Modena. An old merchant, Virginio, has a son and a daughter, Fabrizio and Lelia. He lost his son and his property in the sack of Rome, when Lelia was thirteen years old. The comedy being first acted in 1531, Lelia was supposed to be, at the time of performance, in her seventeenth year. A rich old man, Gherardo Foiani, desired to marry her. But the damsel's love was for a youth Flaminio de' Carandini, who had once flirted with her and was now enamoured of Isabella, daughter of the old Gherardo. Lelia left, therefore, the convent where she had been placed, put on male dress, took the name of Fabio degl' Alberini, and supplied the place of a page whose service she knew that Flaminio had lost. Flaminio sent her often with letters and messages of his love to Isabella Foiani. Isabella, taking Lelia for a young man, fell madly in love with her. Lelia, as Fabio, replied that she could not return love for love unless Isabella put an end to Flaminio's pursuit of her. That, and some jesting with the old man Gherardo, and the servant who had not succeeded in fetching Lelia from the convent to be married

to Gherardo, is the substance of the story of the First Act of *Gl' Ingannati.*

In the Second Act of *Gl' Ingannati*, Lelia, as Fabio, tells Flaminio that he can get no kind answers from Isabella. Why does he not give her up? Has he never loved any one else? Yes, once, a Lelia. Then why does he not go back to her? Sent urgently by Flaminio to Isabella, and summoned urgently to Isabella by Isabella's maid, Pasquella, Lelia goes and, as Fabio, excites hope in Isabella that her love will be returned, on condition that she drive away Flaminio. (There is no such selfishness in Shakespeare's Viola. Her love is pure enough for sacrifice.) Isabella kisses Fabio in the door-way. Other servants of Flaminio, jealous of Fabio, see the kiss and report it; after Lelia has told Flaminio that Isabella would not listen to suit for him, and again asked, whether he has not any one else to love? Yes, there was a Lelia—Isabella may think I still care for her. Tell Isabella that I hate Lelia. "Ah me!" says Lelia. "What is the matter? Are you in pain?" "Yes, in the heart." There is in this Act a little

comic business with a Spaniard, Giglio, who wants two words with Isabella. The Spaniard promises her maid a rosary, that he does not mean to give, while the maid intends to take the rosary without meaning to keep her promise of admitting him into the house.

In the beginning of the Third Act of *Gl' Ingannati*, Lelia's brother Fabrizio comes into Modena with his tutor Piero, a pedant, and a greedy servant. Fabrizio had been taken away from Modena when very young. Piero will show him the town. Two touting hotel-keepers (one being host of "The Fool," the other host of "The Pig") contend for possession of the guests.

Lelia's father has learnt from one of the nuns that his daughter is living in page's dress with a young man. Fabrizio, while his servants sleep, walks abroad; and the innkeeper, as he goes out, observes to him that he is exactly like a page in the town, who also goes dressed in white. Fabrizio in his walk meets Isabella's maid, who mistakes him for Fabio.

Gherardo will not keep his engagement to Lelia

when he learns that she has run away in male dress from her father's keeping. Fabrizio in his walk comes upon the two old men, and is mistaken by them both for Lelia. His father calls him a hussy, and he takes his father for some mad old man who ought to be locked up. Both the old men agree that the poor girl has lost her wits. They get him into Gherardo's house. There he is to be locked up with Isabella till he can be dressed as a maiden should be.

In the Fourth Act of *Gl' Ingannati*, Fabrizio's tutor and servant quarrel over his disappearance. The tutor comes upon his old master, Fabrizio's father, tells him that his son was, in the sack of Rome, made prisoner to a captain who was afterwards killed, and that the Court then took the captain's property and set his prisoners at liberty. His son, the tutor tells Virginio, is now in Modena, lodged at the sign of "The Fool." At "The Fool" Virginio finds a bill to pay, but not his son.

Meanwhile Gherardo, meeting Lelia herself as Fabio, thinks she has escaped from his house. He greets Fabio as Lelia, his dear wife, who enters

the house to Isabella. Giglio is tricked out of his rosary. The servant is reproved for having let the supposed Lelia escape, but replies that she is still locked up with Isabella. Thus Fabrizio, mistaken by Isabella for Fabio, becomes to Isabella all she has desired.

In the Fifth Act of *Gl' Ingannati* there is a general storming of Isabella's room. There Piero finds Fabrizio, and causes him to be known to his father as Fabrizio, not Lelia. Flaminio follows in wrath, to find in Isabella's room his faithless page. Her old nurse Clementia tells Flaminio the story of Lelia's service to him as Fabio. Lelia then enters in female dress, and Flaminio takes her for his wife. The Spaniard Giglio is fooled again. Isabella learns how she has changed the sister for the brother.

In *Inganni* the brother and sister are twin children of a Genoese merchant, Anselmo. They were taken to sea at four years old, and, for convenience, both children were dressed as boys. They were captured by corsairs and sold in slavery, the girl always abiding by her character

of boy. Both become by course of events bought servants in Naples, where they can meet at will, and know their relationship. The girl, Ginevra, —called Roberto—is in the service of Massimo Caraccioli, whose daughter Portia loves her as a man, and whose son Gostanzo Ginevra loves as a woman. When Portia's love puzzles Ginevra too much, she substitutes her brother for herself. But Gostanzo loves a Dorotea, who, with all that concerns her, is taken from the *Asinaria* of Plautus, except the addition of an incident from Terence. Gostanzo transfers his affection from Dorotea when Ginevra tells him who she is. The father Anselmo, no longer a slave, makes his appearance at the end of the play with a great deal of money. The money ensures full contentment with his children's marriages to Portia and Gostanzo.

Here is a combination of old Latin comedy mixed with a story also of a Latin flavour, having some family likeness to that of *Gl' Ingannati.* It is lower, however, in form, and much less like *Twelfth Night* where the genius of Shakespeare lifts the old story from the lower ground on which

it dwells, of the earth earthy, into the fresh air and sunshine, making Innocence herself the teller of the love dreams of the young.

Shakespeare's treatment of the tale gives us the comedy—as *Romeo and Juliet* was the tragedy—of love's young dream. The play was named perhaps from the whimsical drawings of partners that were a part of Twelfth Night sport, and from the association of that time with the acting of light-hearted masques and plays. The twelfth night after Christmas ended with special jollity the twelve days of the Christmas festival. Choosing of kings and queens on that day by lot is said to have been a way of commemorating the homage of the three kings who, guided by the star, came on the twelfth day to the infant Jesus.

Twelfth Night, in Shakespeare, is a masque of love with comedy cross-purposes arising from confusion of partners. It is alive with song and jest. Shakespeare's age was about thirty-seven when he wrote it. It was written not very long after the *Merchant of Venice;* and *Hamlet* was,

after *Twelfth Night*, possibly the next play that Shakespeare wrote.

While all that was gross in old forms of the tale of brother and sister disappears in Shakespeare's treatment of it, the ideal of young love has its finer life brought out by contrast with the doings of Sir Toby and his friends. This use of contrast is akin to the artistic heightening of our sense of the ideal in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by using as a foil to the bright fancy that plays through the fairy scenes the comic dulness of Nic Bottom and his friends.

In a city of Illyria there is a young Duke Orsino inspired by nature with sweet yearnings after love. He is in the position of young Romeo enamoured of fair Rosaline, when Nature begets a desire and chance that determines Rosaline as the first object may transfer it to a Juliet, but the yearning itself lies in the fine spirit of youth that no chance of outward fortune can destroy. The First Act of *Twelfth Night* opens to soft music with suggestion of this, in lines full of the delicious sense of harmony:—

"If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

Pope, in his edition of Shakespeare, altered in this passage "sound" to "south," and the change has been generally accepted. It has a vague prettiness, but the rustle of the summer breeze over the crisp leaves and blossoms of a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour, is an image more clearly presented to the mind when the word is left as, I believe, Shakespeare wrote it.

The fitful and swift movements of love fancy are expressed in the next lines:—

"—— Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,

> But falls into abatement and low price,
> Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
> That it alone is high-fantastical."

The first lines having thus struck the keynote of the play, a short dialogue begins the story. Near to the duke's palace is the house of a rich maiden, daughter of a count who has been twelve months dead. Her brother, who had succeeded to his father's large possessions, has also died, and she inherits all. She pleads long mourning for her brother against the duke's suit for her love.

There is set over her great household a stately steward, who is capable and faithful, only ridiculous through his self-love.

There is in her household Feste, her father's fool, a skilled musician.

As sons of gentlemen wore great lord's liveries, so this great lady has in the service of her chamber a maid, Maria, well enough educated to have a handwriting like her own, well enough dressed to make it doubtful to Viola, when first seeing Olivia and Maria together, which is the lady of the house.

A greedy uncle, who would live jovially at other folks' expense, Sir Toby Belch, has quartered himself upon his young niece, and has invited to share his corner in the great house a rich dull-witted knight, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whom he brings in as his niece's wooer, and so means to gull out of a substantial part of his income of three thousand ducats a year. We learn, indeed, that he has got possession of two thousand of his friend's ducats before the year is out. Thus Sir Toby keeps his own money untouched, draws a good income from Sir Andrew, and lives riotously at his niece's cost.

A well-to-do knight, who is so jovial and so thrifty withal, is, in Maria's eyes, worth catching for a husband. She is angling for him, and will catch him. There is no young dream in her love: Sir Toby and Maria pair with a love that is not, like the duke's, "more noble than the world," it does prize "quantity of dirty lands."

The play is a tale of two households—Olivia's and Orsino's—as they are affected by the coming of the brother and sister who seem doubles of each other. The time of action of the play is three

months. "Three months this youth hath tended upon me," says Orsino of Viola in the Fifth Act. But the three months are supposed to pass between the third and fourth scenes of the First Act. From the fourth scene of the First Act to the end of the play, the time of action is two days.

Brother and sister, Viola and Sebastian, are thrown separately ashore on the coast of Illyria from a wreck, and the saving of Viola with her resolve to serve the Duke for a time as a page is set between the first scene showing the Duke's love-passion, and the third scene which sets forth the relations of Sir Toby Belch with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Maria humouring Sir Toby.

Then the three months pass, and we find Viola, as the boy Cesario, high in Orsino's confidence, employed by him as ambassador of love to Olivia. And she is faithful in the trust, although her own dream of love has come to her, with Orsino for ideal. In the fifth scene we may note that the Clown has a quick eye for Maria's policy. "Well, go thy way," he says: "if Sir Toby would leave

drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria." To which Maria replies, "Peace, you rogue; no more o' that."

When Malvolio speaks contemptuously of the Clown—whereby he whets in him the appetite for a revenge to come—Olivia defines her steward's weakness: "O, you are *sick of self-love*, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite." *Richard III.* gives us the tragic side of life to a man's self alone—"Richard loves Richard. That is, I am I"; in Malvolio we may say we have the same fault shown on the comic side. Malvolio aspires to the hand of Olivia as Richard to the crown, with motives alike selfish and therefore mean.

Thus we have the young love that sacrifices all to its ideal, in Orsino, Viola, Olivia, brighter by contrast with the less ethereal ways by which Sir Toby and Maria become man and wife, and with the yet more opposite nature of the man by self-love wedded to himself.

The First Act ends with Olivia's love fixed upon the youth Cesario, upon the sister saved out of the shipwreck.

The Second Act begins by opening the story of the shipwrecked brother. Of his escape from drowning, it may be observed that hope enough was given to Viola in the second scene of the First Act to take the tragic element out of the action of the play. The captain then had said—

> "I saw your brother,
> Most provident in peril, bind himself—
> Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
> To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
> Where like Arion on the dolphin's back,
> I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
> So long as I could see.
> *Viola.* For saying so there 's gold.
> Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope—
> Whereto thy speech serves for authority—
> The like of him."

Sebastian had been saved by Antonio when he was a wreck past hope, and after three months' nursing is fully recovered. He goes to the town; Antonio following. "When came he to this town?" Orsino asks at the end; and Antonio replies:

"To-day, my lord; and for three months before
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.'

"To-day" here means the second day of the action after the third scene of the First Act. At the end of the First Act Viola had left Olivia, and Malvolio was sent after her with a ring. After the scene that prepares for Sebastian's coming, we have in the Second Act Malvolio following with the ring, and asking Viola, "Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?" Viola answering, "Even now, sir." In the third scene of the Second Act it is night of the same day. Sir Toby and his friends are making a night of it. Malvolio comes as steward to rebuke them—again preparing the way for a retaliation on himself—and Maria says: "Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him."

It may be worth noting that when, immediately afterwards, Maria says of Malvolio, "sometimes he is a kind of Puritan," it is into the mouth of the

witless Sir Andrew Aguecheek that Shakespeare puts an expression of unreasoning ill-will to the name :—

"*Sir Andrew.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir Toby. What, for being a Puritan! Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough."

And to the same imbecile knight Shakespeare gives (Act III. scene 2) a reference to the Brownists, who were much dreaded in Elizabeth's time for their advocacy of freedom of opinion in matters of doctrine. "Policy I hate," says Sir Andrew; "I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician." Was not this meant for good-natured satire upon that unreasoning clamour against earnest men which comes often from poverty of wit?

The first day of action after the three months' interval ends with the third scene of the Second Act, when Sir Toby's making a night of it has gone far into the morning. "Come, come," he says,

"I'll go burn some sack, 't is too late to go to bed now."

The next scene opens in Orsino's palace with the morning of the second day. To this one day all following incidents of the play belong. There is again the prelude of soft music :—

> "Give me some music ;—now, good morrow, friends :—
> Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
> That old and antique song we heard last night."

Feste, the clown, who is to sing it, is not at hand. Let the music then be played until he comes. And so the spirit of young love then speaks again with music in the air.

In this scene is a passage that has been perverted into show of evidence that Shakespeare was not happy in his wife Anne, because she was older than he, although there is no good ground whatever for supposing that Shakespeare's married life was unhappy. Orsino asks Cesario if his fancy has been caught by some fair favour. Viola answers, "A little, by your favour." "What kind of woman is 't?" "Of your complexion." "She is

not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?" "About your years, my lord?" "Too old, by heaven." And then Orsino reasons that the woman should take an older than herself,

> "For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
> Than women's are;"

which reasoning, before the end of the scene, Orsino, in the fitfulness of his love fancies, absolutely reverses:

> "There is no woman's sides
> Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
> As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
> So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
> Alas! their love may be called appetite,
> No motion of the liver, but the palate,
> That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt."

Here, as elsewhere, the variation is designed. Between the earlier and later view of the relative powers of love in men and women is an interval of about ten minutes, within which the Clown has said to Orsino, "The melancholy god protect thee,

and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere." Certainly those critics have put to sea who suppose a dramatist is thinking of himself when he is living in the persons of his story.

Sir Toby's delight in Maria's trick upon Malvolio completes her conquest of him. "I could marry the wench," he says, "for this." Sir Andrew, with no more wit of his own than an echo, says, "So could I too." "And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest," says Sir Toby. "Nor I neither," says Sir Andrew. And Sir Toby does marry her, as Fabian tells at the end.

> "Maria writ
> The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
> In recompence whereof, he hath married her."

In the Third Act it is in the third scene—in the middle of the play—that Sebastian first comes among the other persons of the story, and the few hours' confusion begins between brother and sister,

which leads on to the happy close. At the first, when Antonio, finding her as Cesario, mistakes Viola for Sebastian, and at the profession of ignorance says,—

> "Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
> In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
> None can be called deformed but the unkind:"

Viola's after-thought is—

> "He named Sebastian: I my brother knew
> Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
> In favour was my brother; and he went
> Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
> For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
> Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love."

The Fourth Act is of cross-purposes that lead to the close of the Act with the marriage of Sebastian to Olivia, who takes him for Cesario.

> "*Olivia.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
> Now go with me and with this holy man
> Into the chantry by; there, before him,
> And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?
Sebastian. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true."

There is not in Bandello, nor in Belleforest, nor in Barnaby Riche, nor in *Gl' Ingannati*, nor in *Inganni*, this consecration of the lady's love.

The Fifth Act is occupied with the untying of the knot; the close of this Act being, according to the testimony of the priest, only two hours after the marriage of Olivia. The lapse of three months since the shipwreck is twice made clear: by the testimony of Antonio that he had nursed Sebastian for three months, and the reply of the Duke, "Three months this youth hath tended upon me." It is equally clear that from the beginning of the fourth scene of the Second Act we have the adventures of a single day. Malvolio was not long kept in the dark. Sir Toby cannot be said to have gone to bed drunk

last night, for he drank till it was too late to go to bed, and burnt more sack. He has gone through the day as usual, with cunning enough to amuse himself, and keep Sir Andrew well in hand:—

> "*Fabian.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.
> *Sir Toby.* I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so."

When Sir Andrew proposes to make peace by giving Cesario his horse grey Capilet, Sir Toby sees his way to a bit of filching, and says to himself, "Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as you." But Sir Toby is drunk before the day is over, very drunk when we see the last of him. Whether he was sober when he married Maria, does not matter to her. He is a knight with good possessions, which he will not diminish while he lives a short life and a merry one on the contents of other folks' pockets, and cellars. Maria will have made, in the world's opinion, a good match. She will soon be a knight's widow, with handsome possessions; and she will

have no difficulty in changing the unsavoury name of Lady Belch for that of some good man whom she may really care for.

But to Olivia and to Orsino, who finds in Viola "his fancy's queen," Sebastian and Viola will bring the satisfaction of young longing for a love that glorifies all beauty of the world, that feeds on music, and "lies rich when canopied with bowers." Their pure ideal will put noblest aims into the workday life of all their years to come. They will wake from the young dream of perfections impossible on earth, but wake to a reality of helpful sympathy and trust, that makes the light of every day the light of God upon the way to heaven.

H. M.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *Brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, *Clown,* } *Servants to Olivia.*

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *Sister to Sebastian.*
MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE.—A City in ILLYRIA; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour !—Enough ; no more :
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence !
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ? what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiléd walk,

And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled—
Her sweet perfections—with one self king:—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drowned:—what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after your ship did split,
When you, and this poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there 's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope—
Whereto thy speech serves for authority—
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur—as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear loss,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too,—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for, besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among

the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano volto;* for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch, how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have: and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it.—I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore

have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. [*Sir* ANDREW *dances.*] Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced:

he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixéd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love;

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady:—[*aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of—I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA *ana* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good

counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: anything that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that 's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly; Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those

things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby!—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, —he 's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. 'Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks

very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will:—as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are,—you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble;
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnéd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,

And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him: let him send no more;—
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—not too fast;—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes.—Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him.
Would I or not: tell him, I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oil. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be,—and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an

hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me;—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—if it be so,—as 't is,—
Poor lady, she were better love her dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.—
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar: let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Enter Clown.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of We Three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent

breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. *O mistress mine! where are you roaming?*
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 't is not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I

shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! [*Sings.*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *O, the twelfth day of December,—*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my

lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir. sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his

beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him?

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,—
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and Clown.*

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it:
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue;—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—

Enter MARIA.

How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?—

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.—

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!—

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.—

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.—

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!—

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them

I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, —to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.—

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace!—

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?—

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'—

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.—

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.—

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.—

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?—

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.—

Mal. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love;*

But who?

Lips, do not move:

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers

altered!—*No man must know:* if this should be thee,—Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*] *I may command, where I adore;*
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.—

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*
Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see.—

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!—

Mal. *I may command, where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I,*—

Sir To. O! ay! make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio :—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.—

Mal. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.—

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*—

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.—

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*:—this simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let*

thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let*

it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, *and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: now quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if

that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun: it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

[*Gives a piece of money.*

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee,—I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir [*gives another piece of money*], 't is well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say, element, but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. 'Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my

niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: —but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent-accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!'—well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' —I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,—
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!—
Grace, and good disposition tend your ladyship!

You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—

And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more

prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou Thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many Lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at thy *cubiculo.* Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew,

if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Street.

Enter Sebastian *and* Antonio.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,
More sharp than filéd steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you,—though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts, which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay ;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir : best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you 'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapséd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he 'll come;—
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about

you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I 'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Re-enter MARIA *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'t was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. My yellow stockings?

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity;'—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow

be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—— What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you,

Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.—But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.*

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia; and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*reads*] *I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to*

thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.—If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and

drive the gentleman—as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me,—'t is my picture.
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,

That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. . . . . . I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentlemen, God save thee!

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you:

therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and selpulchre: hob, nob, is his word: give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech

you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-

in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside.*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FABIAN.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. [*To Sir* TOBY.] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* VIOLA.] There 's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for oath's sake: marry, he

hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination! O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and Clown.*

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow: let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out; i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool: vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,

I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Enter Sir TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [*Disengages himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached. Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes

as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan!—I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those

gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy :—sayest thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are : make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras

ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. [*Singing.*] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. *She loves another.*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and

paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. —Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, Amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I 'm mad,—
Or else the lady 's mad: yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their despatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there 's something in 't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an

ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold. [*Gives money.*

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once; and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there 's another. [*Gives money.*

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am

here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared,
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me;
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removéd thing

While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crownéd in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father!
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Re-enter Attendant with the Priest.

O, welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe—what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head bleeding.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you

have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting,—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Clown.*

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help,—an ass-head and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed! and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir* TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural pérspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
[*To* VIOLA.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say—Thrice welcome, drownéd Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow,—

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

Seb. O, that recórd is lively in my soul.
He finishéd, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maid's weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
[*To* VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I overswear
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbéd continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.—

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do : 'has here writ a letter to you : I should have given 't you to-day morning,—but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman. — [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits, is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have*

put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
[*To* VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,

Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister!—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance:
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one.—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged:'—and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace,
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

CLOWN *sings.*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:—
But that 's all one, our play is done,
And we 'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

APOLONIUS AND SILLA.

APOLONIUS AND SILLA.

By Barnaby Rich.

During the tyme that the famous Citie of Constantinople remained in the handes of the Christians, emongst many other noble menne, that kepte their abidyng in that florishing Citie, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthie Duke, who beyng but a verie yong man, and euen then newe come to his possessions whiche were verie greate, leuied a mightie bande of menne, at his owne proper charges, with whom he serued against the Turke, duryng the space of one whole yere, in whiche tyme although it were very shorte, this yong Duke so behaued hym selfe, as well by prowesse and valiaunce shewed with his owne handes, as otherwise, by his wisedome and liberalitie, vsed towardes his Souldiors, that all the worlde was filled with the fame of this noble Duke. When he had thus spent one yeares seruice, he caused his Trompet to sounde a retraite, and gatheryng his companie together, and imbarkyng theim selues he sette saile, holdyng his course towardes Constantinople:

but beeyng vppon the Sea, by the extremitie of a tempest whiche sodainly fell, his fleete was deseuered some one way, and some an other, but he hym selfe recouered the Ile of Cypres, where he was worthily receiued by Pontus Duke and governour of the same Ile, with whom he lodged, while his shippes were newe repairyng.

This Pontus that was Lorde and gouernour of this famous Ile, was an auncient Duke, and had twoo children, a soonne and a daughter, his sonne was named Siluio, of whom hereafter we shall haue further occasion to speake, but at this instant he was in the partes of Africa, seruyng in the warres.

The daughter her name was Silla, whose beautie was so perelesse, that she had the soueraintie emongest all other Dames, aswell for her beautie as for the noblenesse of her birthe. This Silla hauing heard of the worthinesse of Apolonius, this yong Duke, who besides his beautie and good graces, had a certaine naturall allurement, that beeyng now in his companie in her fathers courte, she was so strangely attached with the loue of Apolonius, that there was nothyng might content her but his presence and sweete sight, and although she sawe no maner of hope, to attaine to that she

moste desired: Knowing Apolonius to be but a geaste, and readie to take the benefite of the next Winde, and to departe into a straunge Countrey, whereby she was bereued of all possibilitie euer to see hym againe, and therefore striued with her self to leaue her fondenesse, but all in vaine, it would not bee, but like the foule whiche is once Limed, the more she striueth, the faster she tieth her self. So Silla was now constrained perforce her will to yeeld to loue, wherefore from tyme to tyme, she vsed so greate familiaritie with hym, as her honour might well permitte, and fedde him with suche amourous baites as the modestie of a maide could reasonably afforde, whiche when she perceiued, did take but small effecte, feelyng her self so muche out raged with the extreamitie of her passion, by the onely countenaunce that she bestowed vpon Apolonius, it might haue been well perceiued, that the verie eyes pleaded vnto hym for pitie and remorse. But Apolonius commyng but lately from out of the feelde, from the chasyng of his enemies, and his furie not yet thoroughly desolved, nor purged from his stomacke, gaue no regarde to these amourous entisementes, whiche by reason of his youth, he had not been acquainted with all. But his minde ranne more to heare his Pilotes bryng

newes of a merrie winde, to serue his turne to Constantinople whiche in the ende came very prosperously: and giuing Duke Pontus heartie thankes for his greate entertainment, takyng his leaue of hym self, and the Ladie Silla his daughter, departed with his companie, and with a happie gaale ariued at his desired porte: Gentlewomen accordyng to my promise, I will heare for breuities sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla, for this sodaine departure of her Apolonius, knowyng you to bee as tenderly harted as Silla her self, whereby you maie the better coniecture the furie of her Feuer.

But Silla the further that she sawe her self bereued of all hope, euer any more to see her beloued Apolonius, so muche the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speede to execute that she had premeditated in her mynde, whiche was this: Emongest many seruauntes that did attend vppon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited vpon her in her Chamber, whereby she was well assured of his fidelitie and trust: to that Pedro therefore she bewraied first the feruencie of her loue borne to Apolonius, coniuring him in the name of the Goddes of Loue her self, and bindyng hym by the

duetie that a Seruante ought to have, that tendereth his Mistresse safetie and good likyng, and desiryng hym with teares tricklyng doune her cheekes, that he would giue his consent to aide and assiste her, in that she had determined, whiche was for that she was fully resolued to goe to Constantinople, where she might againe take the vewe of her beloued Apolonius, that hee accordyng to the trust she had reposed in hym, would not refuse to giue his consent, secretly to conuaye her from out her fathers Courte accordyng as she should giue hym direction, and also to make hym self partaker of her iourney, and to waite vpon her, till she had seen the ende of her determination.

Pedro perceiuyng with what vehemencie his Ladie and Mistresse had made request vnto hym, albeeit he sawe many perilles and doubtes, dependyng in her pretence, notwithstandyng, gaue his consent to be at her disposition, promisyng her to further her with his beste aduice, and to be readie to obeye whatsoeuer she would please to commaunde him. The match beyng thus agreed vpon, and all thynges prepared in a readinesse for their departure: It happened there was a Gallie of Constantinople, readie to departe, whiche Pedro vnderstandyng came to the Captaine, desiryng him to haue passage

for hym self, and for a poore maide that was his sister, whiche were bounde to Constantinople vpon certaine vrgent affaires, to whiche request, the Captaine graunted, willyng hym to prepare aborde with all speede, because the winde serued hym presently to departe.

Pedro now commyng to his Mistres and tellyng her how he had handeled the matter with the Captaine: she likyng verie well of the deuise, disguisyng her self into verie simple atyre, stole awaie from out her fathers Court, and came with Pedro, whom now she calleth brother aboarde the Galleye, where all thynges beyng in readinesse and the winde seruyng verie well, they launched forthe with their Oores, and setsaile. When thei were at the Sea, the Captaine of the Galleye takyng the vewe of Silla, perceiuyng her singular beautie, he was better pleased in beholdyng of her face, then in takyng the height either of the Sunne or Starre, and thinkyng her by the homelinesse of her apparell, to be but some simple maiden, callyng her into his Cabin, he beganne to breake with her after the Sea fashion, desiryng her to vse his owne Cabin for her better ease: and duryng the tyme that she remained at the Sea, she should not want a bedde. Silla not beyng acquainted with any suche talke, blusshed

for shame, but made hym no aunswere at all. My Captaine feelyng suche a bickeryng within him self, the like whereof he had never indured vpon the Sea, was like to bee taken prisoner aboard his owne Shippe, and forced to yeeld hym self captiue without any Cannon shot: wherefore to salue all sores, and thinkyng it the readiest waie to speed, he began to breake with Silla in the waie of mariage, tellyng her how happie a voiage she had made, to fall into the likyng of suche a one as himself was, who was able to keepe and maintaine her like a gentilwoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom he would by some meanes prefarre in suche sorte, that bothe of theim should haue good cause to thinke them selues thrise happie, she to light of suche a housbande, and he to light of suche a brother. But Silla, nothyng pleased with these prefermentes, desired hym to cease his talke, for that she did thinke her self indeede to bee to vnworthie suche a one as he was, neither was she minded yet to marrie, and therefore desired hym to fixe his fancie vppon some that were better worthie than her self was, and that could better like of his curtesie then she could dooe, the Captaine seeyng hymself thus refused, beyng in a greate chafe, he saied as followeth.

Then seeyng you make so little accompte of my curtesie, proffered to one that is so far vnworthie of it, from henceforthe I will vse the office of my aucthoritie, you shall knowe that I am the Captaine of this Shippe, and haue power to commaunde and dispose of thynges at my pleasure, and seying you haue so scornfully reiected me to be your loiall housbande, I will now take you by force, and vse you at my will, and so long as it shall please me, will kepe you for myne owne store, there shall be no man able to defende you, nor yet to perswade me from that I have determined. Silla with these wordes beyng stroke into a great feare, did thinke it now too late, to rewe her rashe attempte, determined rather to dye with her owne handes, then to suffer herself to be abused in suche sorte, therefore she moste humbly desired the Captaine so muche as he could to saue her credite, and seyng that she must needes be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer her till night, when in the darke he might take his pleasure, without any maner of suspition to the residue of his companie. The Captaine thinking now the goole to be more then half wonne, was contented so farre to satisfie

her request, and departed out leavyng her alone in his Cabin.

Silla, beyng alone by her self, drue out her knife readie to strike her self to the harrt, and fallyng vpon her knees, desired God to receiue her soule, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, which she had so wilfully committed, crauyng pardon for her sinnes, and so forthe continuying a long and pitifull reconciliation to GOD: in the middest whereof there sodainly fell a wonderfull storme, the terrour whereof was suche, that there was no man but did thinke the Seas would presently haue swallowed them, the Billowes so sodainly arose with the rage of the winde, that thei were all glad to fall to heauing out of water, for otherwise their feeble Gallie had neuer bin able to haue brooked the Seas. This storme continued all that daie and the next night, and thei beyng driuen to put romer before the winde to keepe the Gallie a hed the Billowe, were driuen vppon the maine shore, where the Gallie brake all to peeces. There was euery man prouidyng to saue his own life, some gat vpon Hatches, Boordes, and Casks, and were driuen with the waues to and fro, but the greatest nomber were drouned,

amongst the whiche Pedro was one. But Silla her self beying in the Caben as you have heard, tooke holde of a Chest that was the Captaines, the whiche by the onely prouidence of GOD brought her safe to the shore, the which when she hed recouered, not knowyng what was become of Pedro her manne, she deemed that bothe he and all the rest had been drouned, for that she sawe no bodie vppon the shore but her self, wherefore, when she had a while made greate lamentations, complainyng her mishappes, she beganne in the ende to comforte herselfe with the hope, that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such meanes that she brake open the Chest that brought her to lande, wherin she found good store of coine, and sondrie sutes of apparell that were the captaines. And now to preuent a nomber of iniuries, that might bee proffered to a woman that was lefte in her case, she determined to leaue her owne apparell, and to sort her self into some of those sutes, that beyng taken for a man, she might passe through the Countrie in the better safetie, & as she changed her apparell, she thought it likewise conuenient to change her name, wherefore not readily happenyng of any other, she called

her self Siluio, by the name of her owne brother, whom you haue heard spoken of before.

In this maner she trauailed to Constantinople, where she inquired out the Palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking her self now to be both fitte and able to plaie the seruing-man, she presented her self to the duke crãuyng his seruice. The duke verie willyng to giue succour vnto strangers, perceiuyng him to bee a proper smogue young man, gaue hym entertainment. Silla thought her self now more then satisfied for all the casualties that had happened vnto her in her iourney, that she might at her pleasure take but the vew of the Duke Apolonius, and aboue the reste of his seruauntes was verie diligent and attendaunt vppon hym; the whiche the Duke perceiuyng, beganne likewise to growe into good likyng with the diligence of his man, and therefore made hym one of his Chamber. Who but Siluio then was moste neate about hym, in helpyng of hym to make hym readie in a mornyng in the settyng of his ruffes, in the keepyng of his Chamber, Siluio pleased his maister so well that aboue all the reste of his seruauntes aboute him, he had the greatest credite, and the Duke put him moste in trust.

At this verie instaunt, there was remainyng in the Cittie a noble Dame a widowe, whose houseband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his Lady and wife large possessions and greate liuinges. This Ladies name was called Iulina, who besides the aboundance of her wealth, and the greatnesse of her reuenues, had likewise the soueraigntie of all the Dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this Ladie Iulina, Apolonius became an earnest suter, and accordyng to the maner of woers, besides faire woordes, sorrowfull sighes, and piteous countenaunces, there must bee sendyng of louyng letters, Chaines, Bracelets, Brouches, Rynges, Tablets, Gemmes, Juels, and presentes I knowe not what: So my Duke, who in the tyme that he remained in the Ile of Cypres, had no skill at all in the arte of Loue, although it were more then half proffered vnto hym, was now become a scholler in Loues Schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson, that is, to speak pitifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serue diligently, and to please carefully: Now he was learnyng his seconde lesson, that is to reward liberally, to giue bountifully, to present willyngly, and to write

lovyngly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his newe studie, that I warrant you there was no man that could chalenge hym for plaiyng the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: And who must bee the messenger to carrie the tokens and loue letters, to the Ladie Iulina, but Siluio his manne, in hym the Duke reposed his onely confidence, to goe betweene hym and his Ladie.

Now gentilwomen, doe you thinke there coulde haue been a greater torment devised wherewith to afflicte the harte of Silla, then her self to bee made the instrumente to woorke her owne mishapp, and to plaie the Atturney in a cause, that made so muche againste her self. But Silla altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothyng at all to offende her selfe, followed his businesse with so good a will, as if it had been in her owne preferment.

Iulina now hauyng many tymes, taken the gaze of this yong youth Siluio, perceiuing hym to bee of suche excellente perfecte grace, was so intangeled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as greate a likyng with the man, as the maister was with her self: And on a tyme Siluio beyng sent from his maister, with a message

to the Ladie Iulina, as he beganne very earnestly to solicet in his maisters behalfe, Iulina interruptyng hym in his tale, saied: Siluio it is enough that you haue saied for your maister, from hence forthe either speake for your self, or saie nothyng at all. Silla abashed to heare these wordes, began in her minde to accuse the blindnesse of Loue, that Iulina neglectyng the good will of so noble a Duke, woulde preferre her love vnto suche a one, as Nature it self had denaied to recompence her likyng.

And now for a tyme, leauyng matters dependyng as you haue heard, it fell out that the right Siluio indeede (whom you haue heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla,) was come to his Fathers Courte into the Ile of Cypres, where vnderstanding, that his sister was departed, in maner as you haue heard, coniectured, that the very occasion did proceade of some liking had betwene Pedro her man (that was missyng with her) and her self, but Siluio who loved his sister, as dearly as his owne life, and the rather for that she was his naturall sister, bothe by Father and Mother, so the one of theim was so like the other, in countenaunce and fauour, that there was no man able to descerne the

one from the other by their face, sauyng by their apparell, the one beyng a man, the other a woman.

Siluio therefore vowed to his father, not onely to seeke out his sister Silla, but also to reuenge the villanie, whiche he conceiued in Pedro, for the carriyng awaie of his sister; and thus departyng, hauyng trauailed through many Cities and Tounes, without hearyng any maner of newes of those he wente to seeke for, at the laste he arriued at Constantinople, where as he was walkyng in an euenyng for his owne recreation, on a pleasaunte greene yarde, without the walles of the Citie, he fortuned to meete with the Ladie Iulina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire. And as she sodainly caste her eyes vppon Siluio, thinkyng hym to bee her olde acquaintaunce, by reason thei were so like one an other, as you haue heard before, saied vnto hym, sir Siluio, if your haste be not the greater, I praie you let me haue a little talke with you, seyng I haue so luckely mette you in this place.

Siluio wonderyng to heare hym self so rightlie named, beeyng but a straunger, not of aboue twoo daies continuaunce in the Citie, verie courteouslie

came towardes her, desirous to heare what she would saie.

Iulina commaunding her traine somthyng to stande backe, saied as followeth. Seyng my good will and frendly loue, hath been the onely cause to make me so prodigall to offer, that I see is so lightly reiected, it maketh me to thinke, that men bee of this condition, rather to desire those thynges, whiche thei can not come by, then to esteeme or value of that, whiche bothe largely and liberallie is offered vnto theim : but if the liberalitie of my proffer, hath made to seme lesse the value of the thing that I ment to present, it is but in your owne c[on]ceipt, consideryng how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, whiche hath bothe serued, sued, and moste humbly intreated, to attaine to that, whiche to you of my self, I haue freely offred, and I perceiue is dispised, or at the least verie lightly regarded.

Siluio wonderyng at these woordes, but more amazed that she could so rightlie call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assurying hym self that she was deceiued, and did mystake hym, did thinke notwithstandyng, it had been a poincte of greate simplicitie, if he should

forsake that, whiche Fortune had so fauourably proffered vnto hym, perceiuyng by her traine, that she was some Ladie of greate honour, and vewyng the perfection of her beautie, and the excellencie of her grace and countenaunce, did thinke it vnpossible that she should be despised, and therefore aunswered thus.

Madame, if before this tyme, I haue seemed to forgett my self, in neglectyng your courtesie, whiche so liberally you haue ment vnto me: please it you to pardon what is paste, and from this daie forewardes, Siluio remaineth readie preste to make suche reasonable amendes as his abilitie maie any waies permit, or as it shall please you to commaunde.

Iulina the gladdest woman that might bee, to heare these ioyfull newes, saied: Then my Siluio see you faile not to Morowe at night to Suppe with me at my owne house, where I will discourse farther with you, what amendes you shall make me, to whiche request Siluio gaue his glad consente, and thus thei departed verie well pleased. And as Iulina did thinke the tyme verie long, till she had reapte the fruite of her desire: so Siluio he wishte for Haruest before Corne could growe, thinkyng the tyme as long, till he sawe how matters would

fall out, but not knowyng what Ladie she might bee, he presently (before Iulina was out of sight) demaunded of one that was walkyng by, what she was, and how she was called, who satisfied Siluio in euery poincte, and also in what parte of the toune her house did stande, the whereby he might enquire it out.

Siluio thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with verie vnquiet sleapes, and the nexte Mornyng his mynde ran so muche of his Supper, that he neuer cared, neither for his Breakfast, nor Dinner, and the daie to his seemyng passed away so slowelie, that he had thought the statelie Steedes had been tired, that drawe the Chariot of the Sunne, or els some other Iosua had commaunded them againe to stande, and wished that Phaeton had been there with a whippe.

Iulina on the other side, she had thought the Clocke setter had plaied the knaue, the daie came no faster forewardes, but sixe a clocke beeyng once stroken, recouered comforte to bothe parties; and Siluio hastenyng hymself to the Pallace of Iulina, where by her he was frendly welcomed, and a sumpteous supper beeyng made readie, furnished with sondrie sortes of delicate dishes, thei satte

theim doune, passyng the Supper tyme with amarous lokes, louyng countenaunces, and secret glances conueighed from the one to the other, whiche did better satisfie them, then the feedyng of their daintie dishes.

Supper tyme beeyng thus spent, Iulina did thinke it verie vnfitly, if she should tourne Siluio to go seeke his lodgyng in an euenyng, desired hym therefore, that he would take a bedde in her house for that Night, and bringyng hym vp into a faire Chamber, that was verie richely furnished, she founde suche meanes, that when all the reste of her housholde seruauntes were a bedde and quiet, she came her self to beare Siluio companie. But the Mornyng approchyng, Iulina took her leaue, and conueighed her self into her owne chamber, and when it was faire daie light, Siluano makyng hym self readie, departed likewise about his affaires in the towne, debatyng with hym self how thynges had happened, beyng well assured that Iulina had mistaken hym, and therefore for feare of further euilles, determined to come no more there, but tooke his iourney towardes other places in the partes of Grecia, to see if he could learne any tidynges of his sister Silla.

The duke Apolonius hauyng made a long sute and neuer a whit the nerer of his purpose, came to Iulina to craue her direct aunswere, either to accept of hym, and of suche conditions as he proffered vnto her, or els to giue hym his laste farewell.

Iulina, as you haue heard, had taken an earnest penie of an other, whom she had thought to be the Dukes man, was at a controuersie in her self, what she might doe: one while she thought, seying her occasion serued so fitt to craue the Duke's good will, for the mariyng of his manne, then againe, she could not tell what displeasure the Duke would conceiue, in that she should seeme to preferre his manne before hym self, did thinke it therefore beste to conceale the matter, till she might speake with Siluio, to vse his opiniõ how these matters should be handled, and herevpon resoluyng her self, desiryng the duke to pardon her speeches, saied as followeth.

Sir Duke, for that from this tyme forwardes I am no longer of my self, hauing giuen full power and authoritie ouer to an other, whose wife I now remaine by faithfull vowe and promise: And albeeit, I knowe the world will wonder, when thei shall vnderstande the fondnesse of my choice,

yet I trust you your self will nothyng dislike with me, sithe I haue ment no other thing, then the satisfiyng of myne owne contentation and likyng.

The Duke hearyng these woordes, aunswered: Madam, I must then content my self, although against my wil, hauing the Lawe in your owne handes, to like of whom you liste, and to make choise where it pleaseth you.

Iulina giuing the Duke greate thankes, that would content himself with suche pacience, desired hym likewise, to giue his free consent and good will, to the partie whom she had chosen to be her housebande.

Naie surely Madam (quoth the Duke) I will neuer giue my consent, that any other man shall enioye you but my self, I haue made too greate accompt of you, then so lightly to passe you awaie with my good will: But seeyng it lieth not in me to let you, hauyng (as you saie) made your owne choise, so from hence forwardes I leaue you to your owne likyng, alwaies willyng you well, and thus will take my leaue.

The Duke departed towardes his owne house verie sorrowfull, that Iulina had thus serued hym,

but in the meane space that the Duke had remained in the house of Iulina, some of his seruantes fell into talke and conference, with the seruantes of Iulina, where debatyng betwene them, of the likelihood of the Mariage, betweene the Duke and the Ladie, one of the seruantes of Iulina saide: that he had neuer sawe his Ladie and mistres, vse so good countenaunce to the Duke hym self, as she had doen to Siluio his manne, and began to report with what familiaritie and courtesie she had receiued hym, feasted hym, and lodged hym, and that in his opinion, Siluio was like to speede before the Duke or any other that were suters.

This tale was quickly brought to the Duke hymself, who makyng better enquirie into the matter, founde it to be true that was reported, and better consideryng of the woordes, which Iulina had vsed towardes hymself, was verie well assured that it could be no other then his owne manne, that had thrust his Nose so farre out of ioynte, wherefore without any further respect, caused hym to be thrust into a dongeon, where he was kept prisoner, in a verie pitifull plight.

Poore Siluio, hauyng gotte intelligence by some

of his fellowes, what was the cause that the Duke his maister did bear suche displeasure unto hym, deuised all the meanes he could, as well by meditation by his fellowes, as otherwise by petitions, and supplications to the Duke, that he would suspende his Iudgemente, till perfecte proofe were had in the matter, and then if any maner of thyng did fall out againste him, wherby the Duke had cause to take any greef, he would confesse hymself worthie not onely of imprisonmente, but also of most vile and shamefull death: with these petitions he daiely plied the Duke, but all in vaine, for the duke thought he had made so good proofe, that he was throughlie confirmed in his opinion against his man.

But the Ladie Iulina wonderying what made Siluio, that he was so slacke in his visitation, and why he absented hym self so long from her presence, beganne to thinke that all was not well, but in the ende, findyng her self to bee with child, fearyng to become quite bancroute of her honour, did thinke it more then tyme to seeke out a Father, and made suche secret searche, and diligent enquirie, that she learned the truthe how Siluio was kepte in prison, by the Duke his Maister, and mindyng to finde a present

remedie, as well for the loue she bare to Siluio, as the maintainaunce of her credit and estimation, she speedily hasted to the Pallace of the Duke, to whom she saied as followeth.

Sir Duke, it maie bee that you will thinke my commyng to your house in this sorte, doeth somethyng passe the limites of modestie, the whiche I protest before GOD, proceadeth of this desire, that the worlde should knowe how iustly I seke meanes to maintaine my honour, but to the ende I seeme not tedious with prolixitie of woordes, not to vse other then direct circumstaunces, knowe sir, that the loue I beare my onely beloued Siluio, whom I doe esteeme more then all the Iewells in the worlde, whose personage I regard more then my owne life, is the onely cause of my attempted iourney, besechyng you, that all the whole displeasure, whiche I vnderstand you haue conceiued against hym, maie be imputed vnto my charge, and that it would please you louingly to deale with him, whom of my self I haue chosen rather for the satisfaction of mine honest likyng, then for the vaine preheminences or honourable dignities looked after by ambicious myndes.

The Duke hauing heard this discourse, caused

Siluio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before hym, to whom he saied: Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed myself in thy fidelitie, and the trustinesse of thy seruice, that thou shouldest so traiterously deale with me, but since y^t time haste not spared, still to abuse me with so many forgeries, and periured protestations, not onely hatefull vnto me, whose simplicitie thou thinkest to bee suche that by the plotte of thy pleasaunt tongue, thou wouldest make mee beleeue a manifest vntrothe; but moste haboninable bee thy doynges in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name, by calling hym to bee a witnesse to maintaine thy leasynges, and so detestably wouldest forsweare thyself, in a matter that is so openly knowne.

Poore Siluio whose innocencie was suche y^t he might lawfully sweare, seing Iulina to be there in place, aunswered thus:

Moste noble Duke, well vnderstandyng your conceiued greefe, moste humbly I beseche you patiently to heare my excuse, not mindyng thereby to aggrauate or heape vp youre wrathe and displeasure, protestyng before God, that there is nothying in the worlde, whiche I regarde so much, or

dooe esteeme so deare, as your good grace and fauour, but desirous that your grace should know my innocencie, and to cleare my self of suche impositions, wherewith I knowe I am wrongfully accused, whiche as I vnderstande should be in the practisyng of the Ladie Iulina, who standeth here in place, whose acquitaunce for my better discharge, now I moste humbly craue, protestyng before the almightie God, that neither in thought, worde, nor deede, I haue not otherwise vsed my self then accordyng to the bonde and duetie of a seruaunte that is bothe willing & desirous, to further his Maisters sutes, which if I haue otherwise saied then that is true, you Madame Iulina, who can verie well deside in the depthes of all this doubte, I moste humbly beseche you to certifie a trothe, if I haue in any thyng missaied, or haue otherwise spoke, then is right and iust.

Iulina hauyng heard this discoorse whiche Siluio had made, perceiuing that he stoode in greate awe of the Dukes displeasure, aunswered thus: Think not my Siluio that my commyng hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towardes your Maister, so I dooe not denaie but in all suche Imbassages wherein towardes me you haue been imployed, you

haue vsed the office of a faithfull and trustie messenger, neither am I ashamed to confesse, that the first daie that mine eyes did beholde the singuler behauiour, the notable curtesie, and other innumerable giftes wherwith my Siluio is endued, but that beyonde all measure my harte was so inflamed, that impossible it was for me, to quenche the feruente loue, or extinguishe the least parte of my conceiued torment, before I had bewraied the same vnto hym, and of my owne motion craued his promised faithe and loialtie of marriage, and now is the tyme to manifest the same vnto the worlde, whiche hath been done before God, and betwene our selues: knowyng that it is not needefull to keepe secret that, whiche is neither euill doen, nor hurtfull to any persone, therefore (as I saied before) Siluio is my housbande by plited faithe, whom I hope to obtaine without offence, or displeasure of any one, trustyng that there is no manne that will so farre forget hym self as to restraine that whiche God hath left at libertie for euery wight, or that will seeke by crueltie to force Ladies to marrie otherwise then accordyng to their owne likyng. Feare not then my Siluio to keepe your faith and promise, whiche you haue made vnto me, and as for the

reste: I doubte not thynges will so fall out, as you shall haue no maner of cause to complaine.

Siluio amased to heare these woordes, for that Iulina by her speeche semed to confirme that whiche he moste of all desired to bee quite of, saied: Who would haue thought that a Ladie of so greate honour and reputation would her self bee the Embassadour, of a thyng so preiuditiall, and vncomely for her estate. What plighted promises be these which bee spoken of? Altogether ignoraunt vnto me, whiche if it bee otherwise then I haue saied, you Sacred Goddes consume me straight with flashyng flames of fire. But what woordes might I vse to giue credite to the truthe, and innocencie of my cause? Ah, Madame Iulina! I desire no other testimonie then your owne honestie and vertue, thynking that you will not so muche blemishe the brightnesse of your honour, knowyng that a woman is or should be the Image of curtesie, continencie, and shamfastnesse, from the whiche so sone as she stoopeth, and leaueth the office of her duetie and modestie, besides the degraduation of her honour, she thrusteth her self into the pitte of perpetuall infamie, and as I can not thinke you would so far forgette your self, by the refusall of a

noble Duke, to dimme the light of your renowne and glorie, whiche hitherto you haue maintained, emongest the beste and noblest Ladies, by suche a one as I knowe my self to bee, too farre vnworthie your degree and callying, so most humbly I beseeche you to confesse a trothe, whereto tendeth those vowes and promises you speake of? which speeches bee so obscure vnto me, as I knowe not for my life how I might vnderstande them.

Iulina somethyng nipped with these speeches, saied, and what is the matter that now you make so little accoumpte of your Iulina, that beeyng my housbande in deede, haue the face to denaie me, to whom thou art contracted by so many solemne othes: what arte thou ashamed to haue me to thy wife? how muche oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to breake thy promised faithe, and to haue despised the holie and dreadfull name of GOD, but that tyme constraineth me to laye open that, whiche shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keepe secret, behold me then here Siluio whom thou haste gotten with childe, who if thou bee of suche honestie, as I trust for all this I shall finde, then the thyng is doen without preiudice, or any hurte to my conscience, consideryng that

by the professed faithe, thou diddest accoumpt me for thy wife, and I receiued thee for my spouse and loyall housbande, swearying by the almightie God, that no other then you haue made the conquest and triumphe of my chastitie, whereof I craue no other witnesse then yourself, and mine owne conscience.

Siluio, half in a chafe, saied, What lawe is able to restraine the foolishe indescretion of a woman, that yeeldeth her self to her owne desires, what shame is able to bridle or withdrawe her from her mynd and madnesse, or with what snaffell is it possible to holde her backe, from the execution of her filthinesse? But what abhomination is this, that a Ladie of suche a house should so forget the greatnesse of her estate, the aliaunce whereof she is descended, the nobilitie of her deceased housbande, and maketh no conscience to shame and slaunder her self, with suche a one as I am, beyng so farre vnfit and vnsemely for her degree! But how horrible it is to heare the name of God so defased, that wee make no more accompt, but for the maintenaunce of our mischifes, we fear no whit at all to forsweare his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealinges moste righteous true and juste, and will not onely laie open our leasinges to the worlde, but

will likewise punishe the same with moste sharpe and bitter scourges.

Iulina not able to indure hym to proceede any farther in his Sermon, was alreadie surprised with a vehement greefe, began bitterly to crie out, vtteryng these speeches followyng :

Alas, is it possible that the soueraigne iustice of God, can abide a mischiefe so greate and cursed, why maie I not now suffer death, rather then the infamie whiche I see to wander before myne eyes. Oh happie and more then right happie had I bin, if inconstant fortune had not deuised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught, am I thus become to be intangled with snares, and in the handes of hym, who inioying the spoyles of my honour, will openly depriue me of my fame, by makyng me a common fable to all posteritie in tyme to come. Ah Traitour and discourtious wretche, is this the recompence of the honest and firme amitie which I have borne thee, wherin I haue deserued this discourtesie, by louing thee more then thou art able to deserue? Is it I, arrant theefe is it I, vppon whom thou thinkest to worke thy mischiues? doest thou think me no better worthe, but that thou maiest prodigally

waste my honour at thy pleasure? didest thou dare to adventure vppon me, hauing thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason: ah vnhappie and aboue all other most vnhappie, that haue so charely preserued myne honour, and now am made a praie to satisfie a yong mans lust, that hath coueted nothyng but the spoyle of my chastitie and good name.

Here withall the teares so gushed doune her cheekes, that she was not able to open her mouth to vse any farther speeche.

The Duke who stoode by all this while, and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moued with compassion towardes Iulina, knowyng that from her infancie she had euer so honourably vsed her self, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour, otherwise then beseemed a Ladie of her estate, wherefore beyng fully resolued that Siluio his man had committed this villanie against her, in a greate furie drawyng his Rapier, he saied vnto Siluio:

How canst thou (arrant theefe) shewe thy self so cruell and carelesse to suche as doe thee honour? hast thou so little regard of suche a noble Ladie, as humbleth her self to such a villaine as thou art,

who without any respecte either of her renowme or noble estate, canst be content to seeke the wracke and vtter ruine of her honour? but frame thy self to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I knowe vnworthie wretche, that thou art not able to make her the least parte of amendes, or I sweare that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister to thee with myne owne handes, and therefore aduise thee well what thou doest.

Siluio hauyng heard this sharpe sentence, fell doune on his knees before the Duke crauyng for mercie, desiryng that he might be suffered to speake with the Ladie Iulina aparte, promising to satisfie her accordyng to her owne contentation.

Well (quoth the Duke) I take thy worde, and there with all I aduise thee that thou performe thy promis, or otherwise I protest before God, I will make thee suche an example to the worlde, that all Traitours shall tremble for feare, how they dooe seeke the dishonouryng of Ladies.

But now Iulina had conceived so greate greefe against Siluio, that there was muche a dooe to perswade her to talke with hym, but remembryng her owne case, desirous to heare what excuse he could

make, in the ende she agreed, and beyng brought into a place seuerally by them selues, Siluio beganne with a piteous voice to saie as followeth :

I know not Madame, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of my self, or rather of Fortune, whiche hath conducted and brought vs both into so greate aduersitie, I see that you receiue greate wrong, and I am condemned againste all right, you in perill to abide the brute of spightful tongues, and I in daunger to loose the thing that I moste desire ; and although I could alledge many reasons to proue my saiynges true, yet I referre my self to the experience and bountie of your minde. And here with all loosing his garmentes, saiyng : Loe Madame, behold here the partie whom you haue chalenged to bee the father of your childe, see I am a woman the daughter of a noble Duke, who onely for the loue of him, whom you so lightly haue shaken of, haue forsaken my father, abandoned my Countrie, and in maner as you see am become a seruing man, satisfiyng my self, but with the onely sight of my Apolonius, and now Madame, if my passion were not vehement, & my tormentes without comparison, I would wish that fained greefes might be laughed to scorne, & my desembled paines

to be rewarded with floutes. But my loue beyng pure, my trauaile continuall, & my greefes endlesse, I trust Madame you will not onely excuse me of crime, but also pitie my destresse, the which I protest I would still haue kept secrete, if my fortune would so haue permitted.

Iulina did now thinke her self to be in a worse case than euer she was before, for now she knewe not whom to chalenge to be the father of her child, wherfore, when she had told the duke the very certantie of the discou[r]se, which Siluio had made vnto her, she departed unto her owne house, with suche greefe and sorrowe, that she purposed neuer to come out of her owne doores againe aliue, to be a wonder and mocking stocke to ye worlde.

But ye duke more amased to heare this straunge discourse of Siluio, came vnto him, whom when he had vewed with better consideration, perceiued in deede that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus, and imbrasing her in his armes, he saied :

Oh the braunche of all vertue and the flowre of curtesie it self, pardon me I beseche you of all suche discourtesies, as I haue ignorantlie committed towardes you : desiring you that without farther memorie of auncient greefes, you will accept of me,

who is more ioyfull and better contented with your presence then if the whole worlde were at my commaundement. Where hath there euer bin founde suche liberalitie in a Louer, which hauyng been trained vp and nourished emongest the delicacies and banquettes of the Courte, accompanied with traines of many faire and noble ladies liuing in pleasure, and in the middest of delightes, would so prodigallie aduenture your self, neither fearing mishapps, nor misliking to take suche paines, as I knowe you haue not been accustomed vnto. O liberalitie neuer heard of before! O facte that can neuer bee sufficiently rewarded! O true Loue moste pure and vnfained: here with all sendyng for the moste artificiall woorkmen, he prouided for her sundrie sutes of sumpteous apparell, and the Marriage daie appoincted, which was celebrated with greate triumphe through the whole Citie of Constantinople, euery one prasing the noblenesse of the Duke, but so many as did behold the excellent beautie of Silla, gaue her the praise aboue all the rest of the Ladies in the troupe.

The matter seemed so wonderfull and straunge that the brute was spreade throughout all the partes of Gretia, in so muche that it came to the

hearyng of Siluio, who as you haue heard, remained in those partes to enquire of his sister, he beyng the gladdest manne in the worlde, hasted to Constantinople, where comming to his sister he was ioyfullie receiued, and moste louynglie welcomed, and entertained of the Duke, his brother in Lawe. After he had remained there twoo or three daies, the Duke reuealed unto Siluio, the whole discourse how it happened, betweene his sister and the Ladie Iulina, and how his sister was chalenged: Siluio blushyng with these woordes, was striken with greate remorse to make Iulina amendes; vnderstanding her to bee a noble Ladie, and was left defamed to the worlde through his default, he therefore bewraied the whole circumstaunce to the Duke, whereof the Duke beyng verie ioyfull, immediatlie repaired with Siluio to the house of Iulina, whom they found in her chamber, in great lamentation & mourning. To whom the Duke saide, take courage Madam for beholde here a gentilman, that will not sticke, bothe to father your childe and to take you for his wife, no inferiour persone, but the sonne and heire of a noble Duke, worthie of your estate and dignitie.

Iulina seyng Siluio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so ravished with ioye, that she knewe not whether she were awake, or in some dreame. Siluio imbracyng her in his armes, crauyng forgiuenesse of all that was past: concluded with her the mariage daie, which was presently accomplished with great ioye and contentation to all parties: and thus Siluio hauying attained a noble wife, and Silla his sister her desired houseband, they passed the residue of their daies with suche delight, as those that haue accomplished the perfection of their felicities.

Printed by Cassell & Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.
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